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# Dream Journal



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## Chapter 1 by Maria Lotus

Every night, I dream. it's probably because I sleep so poorly that I wake often, and am able to remember my dreams. Many of the people I talk to, say they rarely remember theirs.

I'd like to read about your dreams. Post yours, and I will post mine.

## Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



In keeping with Story Wars I will relate this dream in the form of a story as opposed to a personal account.

A man woke-up in the middle of forest that had been laid waste to a nuclear war. All was a mixture of charred red, and what remained of trees looked like jagged charcoal splinters.

This took in his new surrounding & new instantly what was happening, and his only reaction was to find his family - and felt secure in the knowledge the he would find them, and that they would be ok.

Many people were running around panicking, and the people from the charred forest were running towards the City, and those from the City were running towards the forest. The atmosphere was a mixture of fear & sadness, and an assurance that time was very limited.

This man was very determined and made his way from the outer too the inner suburbs, and everywhere was destruction & charred corpse fused to the ground & against walls of buildings.

In that instant that man found himself on the roof of Castel Gandolfo Rome. He had no idea of how he got there, but as he looked down he saw a man dressed in a red cape shaking his head, and after he walked in the forest he found a man in a red cape.

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He stood and looked out over Rome from his position on Castel Gandolfo, and there he witnessed the destruction of Rome. Within seconds it was all engulfed with in a ball of flames, and at that instant the man woke-up sweating & trembling.

Some would argue that a dream is a dream, but this man pointed something out about this dream that is worth noting. He had never seen or knew anything about the Castel Gandolfo in Rome, until he decided to research his dream, and the building he saw the destruction of Rome from.

The End.

### Chapter 3 by Maria Lotus



The most interesting dreams that I've ever had were two recurring dreams I had as a child.

I am a tiny person in the bottom of a large mixing bowl. There are lots of tiny heads lined up around the edge of the bowl, staring down at me. In comes a large wooden spoon to chase me around the bottom of the bowl. In comes the flour....dream ends.

Again, I am a tiny person, running through a forest of hair on a scalp. The hair strands are as thick as tree trunks. I'm being chased by something or someone that I never see. Dream fades away.

Scary, for a young child.

### Chapter 4 by Sanchit Jain



Talk about crazy dreams and it reminds me of this.

An Old man sleeping on a rocking chair, next to the fireplace. The fire is burning warm and bright.

Suddenly, a roar of thunder is heard. The old man shivers in his chair and tightens the blanket around him.

The wind is continuously striking. I enter the house.

But, the windows are jammed tight and it is impossible to open.

And then weird things start happening.

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The wind takes the shape of a beautiful woman and knocks on the door.

The fire from the fireplace takes the shape of a handsome man and goes to answer the door.

The women enters, they embrace and she turns back to wind and hollow sounds are heard.

The old man suddenly wakes up and the dream fades away..

### Chapter 5 by Luke Meyers



This thread is driving me crazy because I hardly ever remember anything from my dreams.

### Chapter 6 by intellikat



I have had some pretty memorable dreams, but the truth is I'm just too lazy to write them down here. I did enjoy telling them once, though.

### Chapter 7 by Alexandra



But I am back and ready now.

I had a dream last night I would call it to good to be true

I woke up all I say was a girl

Her parents always thought and still do think that halloween is stupid and as I get older I see there right. But, when I was 10 I thought it was not fare all the kids come back the next day and eat candy during math or Solar Talk and by lunch all of the candy would be gone. I thought candy was a wonderland because I got candy once a year and the candy was low-sweetened pepper/chilli cookies a treat for only the best child at christmas. I never tried these cookies because I would always act up at halloween. And, my other 8 siblings were "perfect angels" in parents opinion. But, it all changed on 7/1/16. My parents decided to go to Paris for our "family" trip but a day before the plane left my dad said I could not go and I would stay with Uncle Joe. I

smiled in the inside because Joe is great. Two months later they re still not back and today is halloween and guess who has a

ghost but I looked um, well I was half full and I had 50 houses to go but when I g

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someone tapped on my back when I turned I saw who and I froze. At first and looked if I could run but all of my 8 siblings were around my dad.

### Chapter 8 by intellikat



Every night, we dream. And every day we dream anew. We reach the end of our lives and barely remember the whole of what it all was. Fog burning away in the hot sun of that one true morning.

You write your dreams to keep them alive. Post yours, and I will post mine.

the end

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